An Enterlude called Lusty Juuentus.

Liuely describyng the fraultie of youth: of nature, prone to vyce: by grace and good councell trayn-able to vertue.

The personages that speake,

Messenger.
Lusty Juuentus
Good councell.
Knowledge.
Sathan the Deuyl.
Hypocrisie.
Felowshyp.
Abhominable liuing.
Gods mercyfull promyses

Foure may play it easely, takyng such partes as they thinke best: so that any one take of those partes that be not in place at once.

The Prologue of ye messenger. Gene. viii. Iere. xvii. Eccle. xxx

For as much as man is naturally prone,
To euil frō hys youth, as scripture doth recite
It is necessary, that he be spedyly wd rawen,
From concupiscence of sin, hys naturall appetite,
An ordre to bring vp youth, Ecclesiasticus doth write,
An vntamed horse, wyll be harde sayth he,
And a wanton chylde, wylful wyll be.
¶ Giue him no libertie in youth, nor hys folly excuse,
Bow downe his necke, and kepe him in good awe,
Leaste he be stubburne: no laboure refuse,
To trayne hym to wisedome and teache him gods law:
For youth is frayle and easy to drawe,
(By grace) to goodnes, (by nature) to yll:
That nature hath ingrafted, is harde to kyll.
¶ Neuertheles, in youth men maye be best,
Trayned to vertue by godly mean,
Vice may be so mortified and so supprest,
That it shall not breake furth, yet ye roote wil remayn:
As in thys Enterlude by youth, you shal se playn:
From his lust by good counsell, brought to godly cōuersation
And shortly after to frayle natures inclination.
¶ The enemy of mankynd, Sothan through hipocrisy
Fayned or chosen holines of mans blind entent,
Forsakyng gods word, that leadeth right way,
Is brought to felowshyp and vngracyous company:
To abhominable liuing, till he be wholly bent
And so to desperation if good counsell were not sent,
From god that in trouble doth no man forsake,
That doth call and trust in hym for Christes sake.
¶ Finally, youth by goddes special grace,
Doth earnestly repent his abhominable liuinge
By the doctrine of good councell, and to his solace,
Gods mercy entreth to him reciitnge:
Gods mercifull promises, as they be in writinge
He beleueth and foloweth, to his great consolaion,
All these partes ye shal se briefly played in their fasshiō

¶ Iere entreth lusty Iuuentus or, youth singing as foloweth

IN a herber grene, a slepe where as I lay,
The byrdes sang swete in ye middes of the day,
I dreamed fast of myrth and play,
In youth is plesure, in youth is pleasure.

Lusty Iuuentus or youth he syngeth

¶ Me thought I walked stil to and froo,
And from her company I could not go,
But when I waked it was not so,
In youth is plesure: in youth is plesure.
¶ Therfore my hart is surely pyght,
Of her alone to haue a sight,
Which is my ioy and hartes delyght,
In youth is plesure, in youth is pleasure. Finis.

¶ What how are they not here?
I am disapoynted by the blessed masse,
I had thought to haue found them making good chere
But now they are gone to some secret place,
Wel seing they are gone, I do not greatly passe,
Another time I wil hold them as much,
Seing they breake promise, and kepe not ye tweche,
What shal I do now to passe away the day,
Is there any man here that wil go to game,
At what soeuer he wyl play,
To make one, I am redy to the same:
Youth full of plesure is my proper name,
To be alone is not my appetie,
For of al thinges in the world I loue mery company.
Who knoweth where is ere a mynstrell,
By the masse I would fayne go daunce a fitte
My companions are at it I know right well
They do not al this whyle in a corner syt:
Agaynst another time they haue taught me wytte,
I beshrew theyr hartes for seruyng me thys.
I wyll go seke them, whether I hyt or mysse,

Lusty Iuuentus or youth he speaketh.

Here entreth good counsel, To whom youth yet speaketh.

Well I met father, well I met.
Dyd you heare anye mynstrels playe?
As you came hetherward vpon your waye,
And if you dyd I praye you wyse me thyther,
For I am going to seke thē, & in sayth I know not whe-

Good counsel.

C Syr I wyl aske you a questiō by your fauour, (ther
What would you with the minstrell do?

Iuuentus

Nothyng but haue a daunce or two,
To passe the tyme away in pleasure.

Good counsel.

If that be the matter I promyse you sure,
I am the more sorryer that it shoulde so be.
For there is no such passing ỹ time apointed in ỹ scrip-
Nor yet therunto it doth not agre, (ture
I wyshe that ye would so vse your libertye,
To walke as you are bound to do,
Accordyng to ỹ vocation whych god hath called you to

Iuuentus.

Why syr, are you angry because I haue spoken so?
By the masse it is a lone for my apetyt.

Good counceil.

Shewe me your name I praye you hertely,
And then I wyll my mynde expresse.

Iuuentus.

My name is called Iuuentus doutles,
Say what you wyll I wyll gyue you the hearinge,

Good counceil.

For as much as god hath created you of nothynge,
Unto hys owne lykenes by spirituall illumynacyon,
It is vnmete that ye should leade your liuynge,
Contrary to hys godly determynacyon,
Saint Paul vnto ỹ Ephesians giueth good exhortacō
Sayng, walke circumspectly, redemyng the tyme,
That is to spend it well, & not to wickednes encline

Iuuentus.

No, no, hardely none of myne,
Yf I wold lyue so straight you myght coūte me a foole
Let them kepe those rules whych are doctours diuine,
And haue bene brought vp al their dayes in scole.

Good cou.

Moyses in the lawe exhorteth hys people,

As

As in the boke of Deuteronomie he doth plainly wryte,
That they should liue obedient and thankefull,
For in effect these wordes he doth recite:
All ye thys day stand before the lordes syght,
Both princes, rulers, elders and parentes,
Children, wiues, yong & old, therfore obey his cõmaũde.
I am to ponge to vnderstand his documents, (mẽtes Iuuen-
Wherfore dyd al they stand before hys presence. tus.
To enter wyth god peace and alyaunce, Good
Promisinge that they woulde him honour feare & serue councell.
Al kynd of people were bound in those couenauntes,
That from hys lawe they should neuer swarue,
For god vseth no percialitie,
What, am I bound as wel as the cleargy, Iuuen-
To learne and folow his preceptes and lawe. tus.
Yea surely, or els god will with drawe, good
His mercy from you promised in his couenaunt, counsell,
For except you liue vnder his obedience and awe,
How can you receiue the benefites of his testament.
For he that submitteth hym selfe to be a seruaunt,
And his maisters commaundement wil not fulfil nor re-
Acording as he hath done, is worthy his reward. (gard
It is as true a saying as euer I heard, Iuuen-
Therfore your name I pray you now tell, tus.
For by my truth your cõmunicatiõ I like wonders well
My name is called good councell, Good coũ.
Good councell, Iuuen-
Now in fayth I cry you mercy, tes.
I am sory that I haue you thus offended,
But I pray you beare wyth me patiently,
And my misse behauyour shal be amended,
I know my time I haue rudely spended,
Folowyng my owne lust being led by ignorannce,
But nowe I hope of better knowlege through your ac-
quaintaunce,

Good councell. I pray god guide you with his gracious assistans,
Unto ỹ knowleg of his truth, your ignorance to vndo
That you may be one of those numbred christians,
Which foloweth the lambe whether he doth go,
The lambe Jesus Christ, my meaning is so,
By sure fayth & cõfidence in his bitter death & passyon,
The only pryce of our health and saluacion.

Juuentus. + Syr, I thanke you for your herty oratyon,
And now I pray you shewe me your aduisemente,
How I may liue in thys my vocacyon,
According to goddes wil and commaundement. +

Good councell. First of all it is moste expedient,
That you exercise your selfe in continual prayer,
That it might please the lord omnipotente,
To send vnto you his holy spirit and comforter:
Which wyl leade you euery day and houre,
Unto the knowledge of hys word and veritie,
Wherin you may learne to liue most christianly.

Juuentus. + O Lord graunt me of thy infinitie mercy,
The true knowlege of thy lawe and wyll,
He kneleth. And illumine my heart with spirit continually:
That I may be apte thy holy preceptes to fulfyl:
Strengthen me, that I may perseuer stil,
Thy commaundementes to obaye,
He ariseth. And then shal I neuer slip nor fal away. +

Good councel. Ful true be these wordes, which Christ him selfe did say
He that seketh shal surely finde,
Beholde (youth) now reioyce we may.

Knowledg entreth. For I se knowledge of god veritie stand here behinde,
He is come now to satisfye your minde,
In those thynges which you wil desire,
Therfore togither, let vs approche him nere.

Juuentus. + A good councell, now it doth appere,
That god neuer reiecteth the humbles petition. +

Now

Now the lord bleſſe you al wᵗ his heauenly benedictiō Knowleg
And with his fyery loue your heartes enflame,
That of his mercifull promiſes you may haue ꝑ fruitti
The ſubtiltie, of the deuill, vtterly to defame:
Now good chriſtian audience I wyl expreſſe my name,
The true knowlege of gods veritie, this mi name doth hyght,
whom god hath appoynted to geue ꝑ blind their ſight
Al prayſe be giuen to that lord of myght, Good
which hath appointed you hether at this preſēt houre, coun cell
For I truſt you will ſo inſtruct youth a right,
That he ſhall lyue accordynge to gods pleaſure
And I thanke Jeſus Chriſt my ſauiour, Iuuen
That he is come to my company. tus.
I thanke you my frendes moſt hartely Knowleg
For your gentil ſalutacion.
Sir, I wyl be ſo bold by your deliberation, Iuuen
To open my mynd vnto you nowe, tus.
Truſtyng that by your good exhortation,
I ſhal learne thoſe thynges which I neuer knew:
This one thynge chiefly I would learne of you,
How I may my life in this my vocation leade,
Accordyng as god hath ordeyned and decrede.
The prophet Dauid ſaith, that the man is bleſſed. Knowleg
Which doth exerceyſe him ſelfe in the law of the lord,
And doth not folow the way of the wicked,
As the fyrſt pſalme doth playnly recorde:
The foure ſcore .xiii. pſalme therunto doth accorde,
Bleſſed is the man whom thou teacheſt, O lord, ſaith he
To learne thy lawe, preceptes, worde, or veritie,
And Chriſt in the goſpell ſayth manyfeſtly.
Bleſſed is he which heareth ꝑ word of god & kepeth it,
That is, to beleue his word, & liue accordingly,
Declaring the fayth by the fruites of the ſpirite,
whoſe fruites are theſe, as S. Paul to ꝑ Galathi. doth

wyre.
Loue, ioye, peace, lóng suffering and faithfulnes
Mekenes, goodnes, temperaunce and gentilnes.

Good councell. By these wordes which vnto you he doth expresse,
He teacheth that you ought to haue a stedfast faith,
Without the which it is impossible doutlesse,
To please god, as saint Paul sayth:
Where faith is not, godly liuyng decayeth,
For whatsoeuer is not of faith, saith S. Paul, is sinne:
But where a perfite faith is, there is good worckyng.

Iuuentus. + It semeth to me that this is your meaning,
That whē I obserue gods cōmaundementes & ꝑ workes (of charite,
They shal preuail vnto me nothing,
Except I beleue to be saued therby. +

Knouleg. No, no, you are deceyued very blyndly,
For faith in Christes merites doth onely iustify,
And make vs righteous in goddes sight.

Iuuentus. + Why should I then in good workes delight,
Seing I shal not be saued by them. +

Good councell. Because they are required of all christian men,
As the necessary fruites of true repentaunce.

Knouleg. But the reward of the heauenly inheritaunce,
Is geuen vs through fayth, for Christes deseruinges,
As S. Paul declareth in ꝑ. xiii. chapter to the Romains
Therfore we ought not to worke as hierlinges:
Seing Christ hath purged vs once frō al our wicked liuing
Let vs no more wallow therin,
But perseuer like good braunches, bearing frute in hi.

Iuuentus. + Now I know where about you haue bene,
Why elders neuer taught me so before. +

Good councel. + Though your elders wer blind, dont not you therfore
For saint Peter sayth, vaine is the conuersations,
Which ye receiue by your elders traditions.

Iuuentus. + I wil gladly receiue your godly admonitions,

But

But yet I praye you shewe me the cause.
That they being men of great discretions
Dyd not instructe me in gods lawes.
Accordyng to hys wyll and ordynaunce.
Bycause they thē selues were wrapped in ignoraunce Kno-
Being deceyued by false preachers. ledge.
O lord delyuer me from wycked teachers, Juuen-
That I be not deceyued wyth theyr false doctrine. tus.
To gods word you must only encline, Good
All other doctrine cleane set a parte. counsel.
Surely, that I wyll from the bottome of my heart, Juuen-
And I chāke ẏ liuing god which hath geuē me ẏ know tus.
To know his doctrine from ẏ false & peruarte (ledge
I being yet yonge and full tender of age:
And ẏ he hath made me partaker of ẏ heauenly inheri-
Of his owne mercy and not of my deseruynge, (tage
For hell I haue deserued by my synfull workynge.
I know ryght well my elders and parentes,
Haue of a longe tyme deceyued be,
Wyth blynd hipocrisy and supersticyous ententes,
Trustyng in theyr owne workes which is nothyng but
Their steppes shall not be folowed for me, (vanitie
Therfore I pray you shew me a briefe conclusyon,
How I ought to lyue in christyan relygion.
The first beginning of wisdō, as saith ẏ wise Salomō Know-
Is to feare god wyth al thy heart and power, ledge.
And thē ẏ must beleue al his promises wout any excep
And that he wyll performe thē both cōstant & sure (tiō
And then because he is thy onely sauiour,
Thou must loue him wyth al thy soule and mynde,
And thy neighbour as thy self, because he hath so assined
To loue my neighbour as my self, I cannot be so kind Juuen
I pray you tel me, what meane you? tus
My meaninge is as Christe sayth in the sixt chapiter of Know
Mathew, B.i. To ledge.

To do to him as you would be done to,
Juuen- + I pray god geue me grace so for to do,
tus. That vnto his will I may be obedient. +
Good Here you shall receiue Christes testament,
counsel. To comfort your conscience when nede shall require,
To learne the contentes therof, se that you be diligent,
The which al christian men ought to desyre.
For it is the well, or fountayne most clere,
Out of the which doth spryng swete consolation,
To all those which thirst after eternal saluation.
Kno- Therin shall you fynd most holsome preseruatyon,
ledge. Both in troubles, persecutions, sicknes & aduersitie,
And a sure defence in the tyme of temptation,
Agaynst whom ye deuill cannot preuail wt all his armi:
And if you perseuer therin vnfainedly,
It wyll set your heart at such quietnes and rest,
Whych can neuer be turned wyth stormes nor tempest
Good Wyth this thing you must neither flatter nor iest,
counsel. But stedfastly beleue it euery day and houre,
And let your conuersation openly protest,
That of your heart it is the most precious treasure:
And then your godly example shall other men procure,
To learne and exercyse the same also.
I pray god strengthen you so for to do.
Juuen- + Now for this godli knowlege which you haue brought
tus. I beseche the liuing god to reward you agayne, (me to
From your companye I wyl neuer depart nor go,
So longe as in this lyfe I do remayne:
For in thys boke I se manifest and playne,
That he that foloweth his owne lustes & imagination,
Kepeth the ready path to euerlast dampnation,
And he that leadeth a godly conuersation,
Shall be brought to suche quietnes, ioy and peace,
Which in comparison passeth all worldy gloriation,

Whyche

which can not endure but shortly cease,
Both the time and houre I may now blesse,
That I met with you father good councell,
To bring me to the knowlege of this heuenly gospell,
This your profession I lyke very well, Knowledge.
So that you entend to liue accordyng,
I pray god your liuing do not rebell,
But euer agre vnto your saying,
That when ye shall make a countes or rekenyng,
Of this talent which you haue receyued,
you may be one of those vñ whom ỹ lord shal be pleased
For this conuersatiõ of youth ỹ lords name be praised Good councell.
Let vs now depart for a season. Exit.
To geue god the glory it is conuenient and reason, Knowledge.
If you wil depart, I wyl not tary. exit,
And I wil neuer forsake your company, Iuuentus.
while I lyue in this world exit,
Oh oh, al to late, Here entreth the Deuill.
I trow this geare wil come to naught,
For I perceyue my power doth abate,
For all the policie ỹ euer I haue wrought,
Many and sundry wates I haue sought,
To haue the word of god deluded vtterly,
Oh for sorow, yet it will not be.
I haue done the best that I can,
And my ministers also in euery place,
To rote it clene from the heart of man,
And yet for all that it florisheth apace:
I am sore in drede to shew my face,
My auctoritie and workes are so greatly dispised,
my inuentions, and al that euer I haue deuised
Oh oh, ful well I know the cause,
That my estimacion doth thus decay,
The olde people would beleue stil in my lawes,

But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way
They will not beleue they playnly say,
In old traditions and made by men,
But they will lyue as the scripture teacheth them.
Out I crie vpon them, they do me open wrong,
To bring vp theyr children thus in knowlage,
For if they wil not folow my waies when they are yong
It is hard turning them when they come to age:
I must nedes fynd some meanes this matter to swage,
I meane to turne theyr hartes from the scripture quyte
That in carnall plesures they may haue more delight.
Well I will go tast to infect this youth,
Through the entisement of my some hipocrisie,
And worke sume proper feate to stop his mouth,
That he may lede his life carnally:
I had neuer more nede my matters to apply,
Oh my child hipocrisie, where art thou?
I charge the of my blessing appere before me now.

Where entereth hipocrisye.

Oh oh quod ha, kepe a gayne the sowe,
I come as fast as I can I warrant you,

Hipocrisye.

Where is he that hath the sowe to sell?
I wil geue him money if I lyke her well,
Whether it be sowe or hogge, I do not greatly care,
For by my occupation I am a bochare,

Deuel.

Oh my child, how doest thou fare?

Hipocrisie.

Sancti amen, who haue we there?
By the masse I wil bie none of thy ware,
Thou art a chapman for the Deuell,

Deuel.

What my sonne, canst thou not tel?
Who is here, and what I am,
I am thine owne father Sathan,

Hipocrisie.

Be you so sir? I crye you mercy than,
You may say I am homely, a lacke learnyng,
To liken my fathers voice vnto a sowes grontynge,
But I pray you shew me the cause, and why,

That you called me hether so hastely.
A Hipocrisie, I am vndone vtterly.
Vtterly vndone, nay stop there hard ely,
For I my selfe do know the contrary.
By dayly experience:
Do not I yet raigne abrode?
And as longe as I am in the worlde,
You haue som treasure & substaunce.
I suppose I haue bene the flower,
In settyng furth thy lawes & power,
Wythout any delay
By the masse if I had not bene,
Thou haddest not benne worthe a flaunders pin,
At thys present day.
The time were to long nowe to declare,
How many and great the number are,
Which haue desceiued be:
And brought cleane from gods lawe,
Unto thy yoke and awe.
Through the intisement of me,
I haue bene busyed, since the world began,
To graffe thy lawes in the heart of man,
Where they ought to be refused:
And I haue so mingled gods commaundementes,
Wyth vaine zeales, and blynd entēs,
That they be greatly abused.
I set vp great ydolatry,
With al kind of filthy
To geue r
And I bro
Under th
That disc
As holy
Holy vest

Deuyl Hiprocrisy.

Holy armettes and Freers,
Holy prieſtes, holy biſchopes,
Holy Monkes, holy abbottes,
Yea, and al obſtinate lyers.
Holy pardons holy beades.
Holy Saintes, holy Images,
With holy, holy blood
Holy ſtockes holy ſtones:
Holy cloughtes, holy bones:
Yea, and holy holy wood.
Holy ſkinnes, holy bulles,
Holy Rochettes, and coules:
Holy crouches and ſtaues:
Holy hoodes holy cappes:
Holy Miters, holy hattes:
A good holy holy knaues,
Holy dapes, holy faſtinges:
Holy twitching, holy taſtynges:
Holy viſions and ſightes:
Holy waxe holy leade:
Holy water, holy breade:
To driue away ſpirites,
Holy fyre, holy palme:
Holy oyle, holy creame
And holy aſſhes alſo:
Holy brouches, holy ringes:
[illegible], holy ſenſynges:

All these thynges which thou hast done — Deuyl
My honour and lawes hath maintayned,
But now, Oh alas, one thinge is begune,
By the which my kingdome is greatly decayed
I shal lese al I am sore afrayde.
Excepte thy helpe I know right playne,
I shal neuer be able to recouer it againe.
Gods word is so greatly spronge vp in youth,
That he litle regardeth my lawes or me,
He telleth his parentes that is very truth,
That they of long time haue deceyued be:
He sayth according to Chrystes veritye,
All his domges he wil order and frame,
Mortifying the flesshe with the lustes of the same.
A syrra, there begynneth the game, — Hypocrisy.
What, is Iuuentus become so tame,
To be a newe gospeller,
As fast as I do make, he doth marre, — Deuill.
He hath folowed so longe the steppes of good councel,
That knowledge and he together doth dwel,
For who is so busye in euery place, as youth,
To reade and declare the manyfest truth.
But oh hypocrisye if thou could stoppe his mouth, — Hypocrisye.
Thou shuldest wyn my hart for euer,
What would you haue me to do in the matter, — Deuyl.
Shew me therin your aduisement.
I would haue the go incontinent.
And worke some craft, feate or polycye,
To set knowledge and him at contrauersye,
And his company thy selfe greatly vse,
That gods word he may clene abuse.
At your request I wyl not refuse, — Hypocrysie.
To do that thynge which in me doth lye.
Dout ye not but I wyll excuse,

Those thynges whych he doth playnly deny.
And I wyll handle my matters so craftely.
That ere he commeth to mannes state:
Gods word and his liuing shalbe cleane at the bate,
Deuil. Thou shalt haue my blessyng both early and late,
And by cause thou shalt al my counsel kepe,
Thou shalt call thy name frendshyp.
Hypo- By the masse it is a name full mete.
crisye. For my proper and amyable person.
Deuyl. Oh, farewell farewell my sonne,
Spede thy busines, for I must be gone. Exit.
Hypo- I warrant you, let me alone.
crysie. I will be wyth Iuuentus anone,
And that ere he be ware:
And I wysse if he walke not streight,
I wyll vse such a sleight,
That shall trap him in a snare.
How shall I bring this geare to passe?
I can tell now by the masse,
Without any more aduysement:
I wyl infect hym wyth wicked company,
Whose conuersation shalbe so fleshly,
Yea, able to ouercome an innocent.
Thys wicked felowshep,
Shall hym company kepe,
For a whyle:
And then I wyll bryngе in,
Abhominable lyuyng,
Hym to beguile.
Wyth wordes fayre I wyll hym tyse,
Tellyng hym of a gyrle nyse,
Which shall hym somwhat moue:
Abhominable liuinge though she be,
Yet she shall no other wayes se,
But she is for to loue.

She shall him procure,
To lyue in pleasure,
After his owne phantesy:
And my matter to frame,
I wyll call her name,
Unknowen honestie,
This will I conuey,
My matter I say
Somewhat handsomely,
That through wicked felowship:
And false pretende frendship,
Youth shal lyue carnally,
Trudge hipocrisie trudge,
Thou art a good drudge,
To serue the deuill:
If thou shouldest lye and lurke,
And not entende thy worke,
Thy maister should do ful euill.
What mayster youth.
Here entreth youth to whom Hypocrisye yet speaketh.
Wel I met by my truth,
And whether away?
You are the last man,
Which I talked on,
I swate by thys day.
Me thought by your face,
Ere you came in place,
It should be you:
Therfore I dyd abyde,
Here in this tyde,
For your comming, this is true.
For your gentlenes, syr, most hertely I thanke you,
But yet you must hold me somwhat excused,
For to my symple knowledge I neuer knewe,
That you and I together were acquainted,
Iuuentus.

But neuertheles, if you do it renew,
Old acquaintaunce wil sone be remembred. +

Hypocrisie. Ay nowe I se well youth is fethered,
And his crums he hath well gathered,
Since I spake with him last:
A poze mans tale can not now be herd,
As in tymes past.
I crye you mercy, I was sumwhat bolde
Thinking that your masterschip would,
Not haue bene so straunge:
But now I perceyue that promocion,
Causeth both man, manets, and fashion,
Greatly for to chaunge.

Iuuentus. + You are to blame this me to calenge,
For I thinke I am not he which you take me for. +

Hypocrisie. Yes I haue knowen you euer since you were boze,
Your age is yet vnder a scoze,
Which I can well remember:
I wisse, I wisse you and I,
Many a time haue bene ful mery,
When you wer yong and tender.

Iuuentus. + Then I pray you let vs reason no lenger,
But fyrst shew your nominacion. +

Hypocrisie. Of my name to make declaracion
Without any dissimulacion,
I am called frendschyp:
Although I be simple and rude of fashion
Yet by image and generacion,
I am nie kin to your masterschyp.

Iuuentus. + What frendschyp.
I am glad to se that you be mery,
By my truth I had almost you forgot,
By long absence brought out of memory. +

By the masse I loue you so hartely, Hipocrysy
That there is none so welcome to my cumpany,
I pray you tel me, whether are you going?
+ My entention is to go hear a preachinge ⊢ Juuen.
A preaching quodha, ah good litle one. Hypocrisy
By Christ she wil make you cry out of the wynnyng,
If you folow her instructions so early in the morning.
+ Full great I do abhorre this your wycked sayinge, Juuen-
For no dout they encrease much sinne and vice, tus.
Therfore I pray you, shew not your meanyng,
For I delight not in such folyshe fantesies: ⊢
Surely, then you are the more vnwyse,
You may haue a spyrt amongest them now and then, Hipo-
Why should not you as well as other men? crisye.
+ As for those fylthy doinges, I vtterly detest them, Juuen-
I will heare no more of your wicked communycacyon ⊢ tus.
If I may be so bold by your deliberation
What wyl you do at a preaching? Hepocrysy
+ Learne some holsome and godly teachyng,
Of the true minister of Christes gospell. ⊢ Juuen-
Tush, what he will say I know ryght well, tus
He wyl say that God is a good man, Hipocrisy
He can make him no better, and say the best he can,
+ I know that, but what then? Juuen-
The more that gods word is preached and taught, tus.
The greater the occasion is to al christen men, (ght:
To forsake their sinful liuinges both wicked, vile & nau
And to repent their former euils which they haue wrou-
Trusting by Christes death to be redemed, (ght
And he that thys doth, shal neuer be disceiued. ⊢
Well sayd maister doctor, well sayd, Hipocri-
By the masse we must haue you, into the pulpyt, sye.
I pray you be remembred, and couer your head,
For in dede you haue nede to kepe in your wyt,

A Sirra, who would haue thought it,
That youth had bene such a well learned man?
Let me se your portous gentle sir Jhon.

Juuentes. + No, it is not a boke for you to loke on,
You ought not to test wyth gods testament, +

Hipocrisie. What man I pray you be content,
For I do nothyng els but say my phantasie.
But yet if you would do after my aduisement,
In that matter you should not be so busy,
Was not your father as well learned as ye?
And if he had said then, as you haue now done,
I wisse he had bene like to make a burne.

Juuentus. + It were muche better for me, then to returne,
From my faith in Christe, & the profession of his worde, +

Hipocrisie, Whether is better a halter or a corde,
I can not tel, I sweare by goddes mother,
But I thike you wil haue ẏ one or ẏ other,
Wil you lose al your frendes good wyll,
To continue in that opion still?
Was there not as wel learned men before as now?
Yea, and better to, I may say to you,
And they taught the yonger sort, of people,
By the elders to take an example.
And if I did not loue you as nature doth me bynde,
You should not know so muche of my mynde.

Juuentus. + Whether where I better to be ignoraunt and blynd,
And to be dampned in hell for infidelitie,
Or to learne godly knowledge, wherin I shall fynde,
The right pathway to eternal felicitie? +

Hipocrisye. Can you denie but it is your duetie,
Unto your elders to be obedient.

Juuentus + I graunt I am bound to obey my parentes,
In all thinges honest and lawfull? +

Hypocrysye, Lawfull quodha, a foole foole,

Wyle

Wylt thou set men to scoole,
When they be olde:
I may say to you secretly,
The world was neuer mery,
Since children were so bolde:
Now euery boy wyl be a teacher
The father a foole, and the chyld a preacher,
This is preaty geare
The foule presumption of youth
Wyl turne shortly to great ruth
I fere, I feare, I feare.
The sermone wil be done ere I can come there. Iuuentus.
I care not greatly whether I go or no,
And yet for my promise, by god I sweare,
There is no remedy but I must nedes go:
Of my companions ther wyl be mo,
And I promysed them by goddes grace,
To mete them there as the sermon was
For once breakyng promise do not you passe, Hipocrysy
Make some excuse the matter to cease,
What haue they to do:
And you and I were I wote where,
We would be as mery as there,
Yea, and meryer to,
I would gladly in your company go. Iuuentus
But if my companions shoulde chaunce to se,
They would report full euyl by me:
And peraduenture if I should it vse.
My company they would cleane refuse.
What, are those felowes so curyous, Hipocrysy
That your selfe you cannot excuse:
I wyll teache you the matter to conuey,
Do what your own lust, & say as they say
And if you be reproued with your owne affinitie,

Byd them plucke the beame out of theyr owne eye,
The old popish pryestes mocke and dispyse,
And the ignorannt people that beleue their lyes,
Call them papistes, hipocrites, & toynyng of ꝑ plough,
Face out the matter, and then good ynough,
Let your booke at your gyrdle be tyed,
Or els in your bosome that he may be spyed,
And then it wyl be sayd both with youth and age,
Yonder fellow hath an excellent knowledge,
Tusshe tusshe,
I could so beate the bussche,
That al should be flussche,
That euer I dyd.

Iuuentus Hipocrisye. + Now by my truth you are merely disposed,
Let vs go thether as you thynke best. +
How saye you, shal we go to breakefast,
Will you go to the pye feast,
Or by the masse if thou wilt be my gest,
It shal cost the nothyng.
I haue a furny carde in a place,
That wil bare a turne besides the ace,
She purueyes now a pace,
For my commynge:
And if thou wilt Iybbered as well as I,
We shal haue mery company,
And I warrant the ꝑ we haue not a pye,
We shal haue a puddynge.

Iuuentus Hipocrisye. + By the masse that meate I loue aboue al thynge,
You may drawe me aboute the toune w̄ a puddynge. +
Then you shal se my cunnyng.
A poore shyft for a liuynge,
Amongest poore men bled is,
The kynde heart of hyrs,
Hath eased my purse,

were entred

Adam

many a time ere this,
I mervayle gretly where frendshyp is, felowshyp
He promised to mete me here eare this time
I beshrew his heart that his promis doth mys:
And then be ye sure it shall not be mine,
Yes felowshyp that it shalbe thine Hypocrysy
For I haue taried here this hour or twayne,
And this honest gentilman in my company hath bene,
To abide your comming this thing is playne. felowshyp
By the masse if you chyde I wylt be gone agayne,
For in fayth frendshyp I may say to the
I loue not to be there where chiders be, Hypocrysy
No god it knoweth you are as ful of honesty,
As a mary bone is ful of honey,
But syra I pray you bid this gentilman welcome,
For he is desirous in your company to come
I tell you he is a man of the ryght makyng,
And one that hath excellent lernynge,
At his gyrdle he hath such a boke
That the poppysshe prestes dare not in hym loke.
This is a felow for the nones,
I loue him the better by dogs precious bones, felowshyp
You are hertely welcom as I may saye,
I shal desyre you of better acquaintaunce,
That of your company be bolde I maye,
You may be sure if in me it lye.
To do you pleasure you should it fynde,
For by the masse I loue you, both with hert and mynde
+To say the same to you, your gentlenes doth me bynde Iuuentus.
And I thanke you hertely for your kindnes. + Hypocrysy
Wyl you se thys gentylman fynes,
Your gentilnes and your kyndnes,
I thanke him and I thanke you,
And I thynke if the truth were sought,

The

The one bad, and the other naught,
Neuer a good I make god a vow,
But yet felowshyp tel me one thing,
Dyd you se litle besse this morning?
We should haue our brekfast yester night she sayde,
But she hath forgotten it now, I am afrayd,

Felowshyp Her promise shalbe perfourmed and payd,
For I spake with her synce the time I rose
And then she told me how the matter goeth:
We must be with her betwene eyght and nine,
And then her Maister & Mystres wyl be at ye preching

Juuentus. I purposed my selfe there to haue bene,
But this man prouoked me to the contrary
And told me that we shuld haue mery company,

Felowshyp Mery quod ha, we can not chuse but be mery,
For there is such a gyrle, where as we go,
Which wil make vs to be mery whether we will or no,

Hipocrysi The ground is the better on the which she doth go.
For she will make better chere wt that litle which she cā
Then many a one can wt a great banket of meat. (get

Juuentus. To be in her company my hart is set,
Therfore I pray you let vs be gone,

Felowship. She will come for vs her selfe anone
For I told her before where we would stande
And then she sayd she would becke vs with her hande.

Juuentus. Now by the masse I perceyue that she is a gallaunde,
What wyl she take paynes to come for vs hether,

Hipocrisy Yea I warrant you, therfore you muste be famylier wt
When she commeth in place, (her
You must her embrace,
Sumwhat hansomlye,
Leste she thinke it daunger,
Bicause you are a straunger
To come in your companye.

Yea

Yea by gods foote that I wyl be busye
And I may saye to you I can play the knaue secretly
Hem. come away quickly
The backe dore is open I dare not tarry,
Come felowship come on a waye.
What vnknowen honestie a worde
You shal not go yet by god I sweare,
Here is none but your frindes, you nede not to fraie,
Although this straunge yonge gentylman be here,
I trust in me she wyl thynke no daunger,
For I loue wel the company of fayre women.
Who you, nay ye are suche a holy man,
That to touche one ye dare not be bolde,
I thynke you would not kisse a yonge woman,
Yf one would giue you. xx. pound in goulde,
Yes by the masse that I would,
I could tynde in my hert to kisse you in your smocke,
My backe is brode inough to bare awaye that mocke
For one hath tolde me many a time, (as myne
that you haue said you wold vse no such watōs cōpany
By dogs precious woundes ẏ was som whorsō villaī
I wyll neuer eate meate that shal do me good,
Tyl I haue cut his fleshe by gogs precyous blud,
Tell me I praye you who it was,
And I wyl trim the knaue by the blessed masse,
Tush as for that do not you passe,
That which I tolde you was but for loue,
She did nothing else but proue,
Whether a lile thinge would you moue,
To be angry and frette,
What and if one had sayed so
Let such triflyng matters go,
And be good to mens flesh for al that,
To kysse her since she came I had cleane forgot

Abominable liuyng.
Hepocricy
Iuuentus.
Abhominable liuyng.
Iuuentus.
Abhominable liuyng.
Iuuentus.
Abhominable liuyng.
Hepocrycy
Iuuentus he

You kisseth!

You are wel come to my company.

Abhominable liuyng, Syr I thanke you most hartely,
By your kindnes it doth apere.

Hypocrysi What a hurly burly is here,
Smicke smacke and all this gere,
You will to ticke tacke I fere,
Yf you had time,
Well wanton well,
I wysse I can tel,
That such smocke smell
Will set your nose out of tune,

Abhominable liuyng, What man you nede not to fume.
Seing he is come into my compauy now,
He is as well welcome as the best of you,
And if it lye in me to do him pleasure,
He shal haue it you may be sure,

felouship Then old acquaintaunce is cleane out of fauour.
Lo frendshyp, this geare goth with a sleight
He hath driuen vs twayne out of conceite,

Hipocrisi Out of conceite, quodha no no,
I dare wel saye she thynketh not so,
How say you vnknowen honestie?
Do not you loue felowship and me?

Abhominable liuyng, Ye by the masse I loue you al thre,
But yet in dede yf I should say the truth,
Amongest al other welcome Mayster youth.

Iuuentus Ful greatly I do delight to kisse your plesaũt mouth
I am not able your kyndnes to recompence,

He kisseth Abhominable liuyng, I long to talke w̃ you secretly, therfore let vs go hence
I agre to that, for I would not for .xx. pence,
That it were knowne where I haue bene,

Hipocrisye. What and it were knowne it is no deadly synne,
As for my parte I do not greatly care,
So that they fynd not your proper buttockes bare,

Now

Now much fye vpon you how baudy you are,
I wosse frendship it mought haue bene spoken at twise, Abhominable lyuyng
What thinke you for your sayieng ẏ the people wil surmise
Who dare be so bold vs to despise? Juuentus.
And if I may heare a knaue speake one worde,
I wyll runne thorow his chekes with my sword
This is an ernest fellow of gods worde, Felowship
Se I pray you, how he is disposed to fyghte,
Why, shuld I not and if my cause be ryght, Juuentus
What and if a knaue do me begyle?
Shal I stand crouching like an owle,
No no, then you might count me a very cowe,
I knowe what belongeth to gods lawe as well as you.
Your wit therin greatly I do alowe, Abhominable lyuyng
For and yf I were a man as you are,
I would not sticke to geue ablowe,
To teache other knaues to beware.
I beshrew you twise and if you do spare
But lay lode on the fleshe what so euer befal,
You haue strength I nongh to do it with all,
Let vs depart, and if that we shall, Felowship
Come on maisters we twayne will go before.
Nay nay my frynde stoppe there, Juuentus.
It is not you that shall haue her awaye,
She shal go with me and if she go to daye.
She will go with none of you I dare well saye, Hipocrisi
She will go with me before you both.
To forsake any of your company I wold be very loth Abhominable liuing.
Therfore I will folow you all thre,
Now I beshrew his herte, that to that wil not agree, Hypocrise
But yet because the time shal not seme very longe,
Or eare we departe let vs haue a mery songe.
Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde, They
As the course of nature doth him bynde, synge as

Is not euery thyng ordayned to do his kinde?
Report me to you, reporte me to you.
Do not the flowers springe freshe and gaye,
Pleasaunt and swete in the month of Maye?
And when their time cometh they fayd awaye,
Report me to you, reporte me to you.
Be not the trees in wynter bare,
Like vnto their kynde, such they are,
And when they springe, their fruites declare?
Report me to you, reporte me to you
What should youth do, with the fruites of age,
But liue in pleasure in hys passage,
For when age commeth his lustes wyll swage,
Report me to you, report me to you.
They go furth, Here entreth good counsell,
Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde
As the course of nature doth hym bynde, &c.
O mercyful lord who can ceace to lamente,
Or kepe his hart from continual mournynge,
To se how youth is fallen from thy word & testament,
And wholly enclined to abhominable liuinge,
He liueth nothyng accordyng to hys professyng,
But alas his lyfe is, to thy word abusion,
Except thy great mercy to his vtter confusion,
O where is now the godly conuersation
Which shuld be amonge the professour of thy worde,
O where may a man find now one faythful cõgregatiõ
That is not infected with dissention or discorde?
Or amongest whome are al vices vtterly abhorred,
O where is the brotherly loue betwene man and man?
We may lamente the tyme our byrth began,
O where is ỹ peace & mekenes, lõge sufferinge & temperaunce
Which are the fruites of gods holy spirit,
With whome is the flesshe brought vnder obedience,
Or who readeth the scripture to the intent to folow it?
Who

Who vseth not now couetousnes and discette,
Who geueth vnto the poore that which is dewe:
I thinke in this world, few that liue nowe.
O where is ꝑ godli exãple that parentes shuld giue,
Unto their yonge familie, by godly & vertuous liuinge:
Alas how wickedly do they them selues liue,
Without any feare of god, or his righteous threatening
They haue no respect vnto the dreadfull rekenyng,
Which shal be required of vs, when the lord shal come,
As a rightful iudge at the day of Dome.
O what a ioyful syght was it for to se,
When youth began gods worde to embrace:
Then he promised godly knowledge and me,
That from our instructions he wold neuer turn his face
But now he walketh, alas: in the vngodlies chase,
Heaping sinne vpon sinne vice vpon vice,
He that liueth most vngodly is counted most wyse.
Here entreth Iuuentus
+ Who is here playing at the Dice:
I heard one speake of synnes and vice,
His wordes did me entice,
Hither to come: +
Good counceil
A youth, youth, whether doest thou runne:
Greatly I do bewayle thy miserable estate,
The terrible plagues, which in gods law are written,
Hang ouer thy head both early and late:
O fleshly capernite, stubburne and obstinate,
Thou haddest leuer forsake Christ thy sauiour & kyng,
Then thy fleshly swinish, lustes, & abhominable liuinge.
Iuuentus.
+ What old hoorson, art thou a chiding:
I wil play a spyte. why should I not:
I set not a mite by thy checkyng,
What hast thou to do and if I lost my cote:
I wyll trill the bones while I haue one grote,
And when there is no more inke in the pen,

I wyll make a shift as wel as other men, ⊢

Good councell. Then I perceiue you haue forgotten cleane,
The promise that you made vnto knowledge & me,
You sayd suche fleshly fruites shuld not be sene,
But to gods word your lyfe should agre:
Ful true be the wordes of the prophet Osey,
No viritie nor knowledge of god is now in the land,
But abhominable vices hath gotten the vpper hand.

Iuuentus. + Your mynd therin I do wel vnderstand,
You go about my lining to despyse,
But you wil not se the beames in your own eies, ⊢

Good councel. The deuil hath you disceiued which is ye auctour of lies
And trapt you in hys snare of wicked hypocrisye,
Therfore al that euer you do deuise
Is to maintayne your fleshly libertie.

Iuuentus + I meruaile why you do this reproue me,
Wherin do I my life abuse? ⊢

Good councel, Your whole conuersacion I may well accuse,
As in my conscience iust occasion I fynd,
Therfore be not offended, although I expresse my mind

Iuuentus. + By the masse if thou tel not truth, I wil not be behind,
To touch you as wel agayne, ⊢

Good councell. For this thing most chiefly I do complayne,
Haue you not professed the knowlege of christes gospel
And yet I thinke no more vngodlines doth raigne,
In any wycked heathen, Turke or infidell:
Who can deuise that sinne or euil,
That you practise not from day to day?
Yea, and count it nothyng but a iest or a play:
Alas, what wantonnes rematneth in your fleshe?
How desirous are you, to accomplish your owne will
What pleasure & delight haue you in wickednes?
How diligent are you, your lustes to fulfil?
So, Paul saith that you ought your fleshly lustes to kil

But

But vnto his teaching your ure ye wyl not frame;
Therfore in vayne you beare a christians name.
Rede the. v. to the Galathians, & there you shall se,
That the flesh rebelleth agaynst the spyrit,
And that your own flesh is your most vtter enemy,
If in your soules helth you do delight:
The time were to long now to recite,
What whordom, vncleanes & filthy communicacion,
Is despersed with youth, in euery congregacion.
To speke of pride, enuye, and abhominable othes,
They are the common practises of youth,
To auaunce your flesh, you cut & iagge your clothes,
And yet ye are a great gospeller in the mouth:
What shal I say for this blaspheming the truth,
I wyl shew you what. S. Paul doth declare
In his epistle to the Hebrues, & the. x. chapiter.
For him sayth he, which doth willingly sin or consent
After he hath receyued the knowldge of the veritie,
Remaineth no more sacrifice, but a fearful lokig for iudgement,
And a terrible fier, which shal consume the aduersary:
And Christ saith that this blasphemy,
Shal neuer be pardoned nor forgiuen,
In this world, nor in the world to come.
+Alas alas what haue I wrought and done? Iuuentus
Here in this place I wil fal doune desperate, He lyeth downe.
To aske for mercy now I know it is to late,
Alas alas that euer I was begat,
I wold to god I had neuer bene borne,
Al faithful men that behold his wretched state,
May very iustly laugh me to scorne:
They may say my time I haue euyl spent and worne,
Thus in my first age, to worke my owne destruction,
In the eternal paynes is my part and portion.
Why youth art thou fallen into desperation? Good con.

What man plucke vp thin heart, and tise,
Although thou se nothyng now, but thy condephation,
Yet it may please god agayn to open thy eies:
Ah wretched creature, what doest thou surmise?
Thinkest not that gods mercy doth excede thy synne?
Remembre his merciful promises & cõfort thi self in him

Iuuentus. O sir, this state is so miserable the which I lye in,
That my comfort and hope from me is seperated,
I would to god I had neuer bene,
Wo worth the time that euer I was created,

Good councell. A fayre vessell vnfaithful and feinte hearted,
Doest thou thinke that god is so mercyles,
That when the sinner doth repente, and is conuerted,
That he will not fulfyl his mercyful promises?

Iuuentus. Alas syr, I am in suche heauines,
That his promises I cannot remembre,

Good councell. In thy wickednes continue no lenger,
But trust in the lord without any feare,
And his merciful promises shall shortly appeare.

Iuuentus. I would beleue if I might them heare,
Wyth al my heart, power and mynde,

Good councel. The liuing god hath him hether assyned:
Lo, where he commeth euen here by,
Therfore marke his saynges diligently.

Here entreth gods mercyfull promyses. The lorde by hys prophet Ezechiel, sayeth in this wise
As in the .xxviii. chapter it doth appere, (playnly
Be conuerted O ye children, & turne vnto me,
And I shal remeady the cause of your departure.
And also he sayeth in the .xviii. chapter,
I do not delight in a sinners death,
But that he should conuert & liue, thus the lord sayth:

Iuuentus. Then must I geue neither credite nor sayth,
Vnto saint Paules sayinge which thys man did alege?

Gods mercyful promi Yes, you must credite the, accordyng vnto knowledge

For

For saint paul speketh of those which resiste ẏ truth by vyoiẽce
And so end theyr liues without repentaunce.
This saint Augustine doth them define.
If vnto the lordes word you do your eares encline,
And obserue these thinges which he hath commaunded
This sinfull state in the which you haue lien,
Shal be forgotten and neuer more remembred,
And Christ him selfe in the gospell hath promised,
That he which in him vnfaynedly doth beleue,
Although he were dead, yet shal he liue.
+ These comfortable sayings doth me greatly moue,
To arise from this wretched place +
For me his mercy sake thou shalte optayne his grace,
And not for thine owne desertes, this must thou knowe,
For my sake alone, he shal receyue solace,
For my sake alone he wil the mercy shew,
Therfore to him as it is most due,
Geue most harty thankes, with hart vnfayned,
Whose name for euer more be praysed,
The prodigal sonne as in Luke we rede
Which in vicious liuing his goodes doth wast,
As sone as his liuing he had remembred,
To confesse his wretchednes he was not agast
Wherfore his father louingly him embrast,
And was right ioyfull the text sayth playne
Bycause his sonne was returned agayne.
+ O synfull flesh, thy pleasures are but vayne,
Now I find it true, as the scripture doth saye,
Borde & pleasaunt is the path which ledeth vnto payne
But vnto eternall lifeful narowe is the waye.
He that is not led by Gods spyrite surely goeth astraye,
And al that euer he doth shalbe clene abhorde,
Although he bragge & bost neuerso much of gods word
O subtil Sathan, ful deceitful is thy snare,

Gods merciful promises

He riseth Juuentus

Gods mercyful promises

Good councel

Juuentus.

Who is able thy kalched to disclose?
What is the man that thou doest fauour or spare,
And doest not tempt him eternal ioyes to lose?
Not one in the world, surely I suppose,
Therfore happy is the man whych doth truely wayte,
Alwayes to refuse thy deceytful and crafty bayte
When I had thought to lyue most chrystyanly,
And folowed the steppes of knowledge good councell,
Ere I was ware thou haddest deceyued me,
And brought me into ỹ path which leadeth vnto hell:
And of an earnest professor of Christes gospell,
Thou madest me an ypocrite, blynd and peruert,
And frō vertue vnto vice, ỹ hadst cleane turned mi hert
First, by hipocrisie thou diddest me moue,
The mortification of the flesh cleane to forsake,
And wanton despytes to embrace and loue,
Alas to thynke on it my heart doth yet quake,
Under the title of frendshyp to me he spake,
And so to wicked felowshyp dyd me bryngе,
Which brought me cleane to abhominable lyuyng,
Thus I say, Sathan did me disceiue,
And wrapped me in sinne many a fold,
The steppes of good councel I dyd forsake and leaue,
And forgot the words which before to me he told:
The fruites of a true christian, in me wared cold,
I folowed myne owne lustes, ỹ flesshe I dyd not tame,
And had them in diuision which would not do the same
Yet it hath pleased god of his endles mercy,
To geue me respite my lyfe to amende,
From the bottome of my herte I repent my iniquitie,
I wyll walke in hys lawes vnto my lives ende:
From his holy ordinaunce I will neuer dicend,
But my whole delight shal be to liue therin,
Vtterly abhorring al filthines and synne,

All

ten people which be here present,
ne by me, hipocrise to know,
which the deuil, as w̄ a poyson most pestilent
Dayly seketh al men to ouerthrow:
Credite not al thynges vnto the outward shew,
But trie thē w̄ gods word, that squire & rule moste iust
Which neuer disceiueth them that in him put their trust
Let not flatteryng frēdshyp, nor yet wicked company
Perswade you in no wyse, gods word to abuse
But se that ye stand stedfastly vnto the viritie,
And according to ẏ rule therof, your doings frame & vse
Neither kinred nor felowship shal you excuse,
When you shal appere before the iudgement seat,
But your own secret conscience shal thē geue an audite
All you that be yong, whom I do now represent,
Set your delite both day & nyght, on Christes testamēt
If pleasure you tickle, be not fikle, & sodenly slyde,
But in gods feare euery where, se that you abide,
In your tender age, seke for knowledge, & after wisdom rune,
And in your olde age, teache your familye, to do as you haue dō
Your bodyes subdue, vnto vertue, delite not in vaynity
Say not I am yong, I shal liue lōg, lest your dais shor tened be
Do not encline, to spend ẏ time, in wanton toies & nyce,
For idlenes doth encrease much wickednes and vyce,
Do not delay the tyme, and say, my ende is not nere,
For w̄ short warnig, the lords cōming shal sodēli apere
God giue vs grace, his word to embrace & to liue theraf
That bi ẏ same, his holy name, may be praised euer. (ter
Now let vs make our supplications together, Good
For the prosperous estate of our noble & vertuous king counsel,
That in his godly procedynges he may stil perseuer,
Which seketh the glory of god aboue al ōther thing,
O lord endue his hert, with true vnderstanding,
And geue him a prosperous life, long ouer vs to raigne

To gouerne & rule his people as a worthy c

Iuuentus. Also, let vs pray for al the nobilitie of thi

And namely for those, whom is grace hath au

To mayntayne the publike wealth ouer vs & them,

That they may se his gracious actes publisshed,

And that they, being truly admonisshed,

By the complaint of them which are wrongfulli opprest

May seke a reformation, and se it redrest,

Good councel, Then shall this land enioy great quietnes & rest,

And geue vnto god most herty thankes therfore,

To whom be honour, prayse and glory for euermore.

Finis. quod R. Weuer.

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